Mrs. J. W. Robertson 0505

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The Hon. Kenkichi Kataoka.

When this eminent soldier, statesman and Christian passed on to a higher service, Japan lost one of the most remarkable men of this generation, but his memory and his influence are a priceless legacy to the Church and to the nation.

He was born in 1843, and had the advantage of being trained by father and grandfather, of whom the latter especially, being a man of great force of character, exercised strong influence over the lad Kenkichi.

At the age of twenty, both father and grandfather being dead, he was already head of his house, and soon became a government official and a commander of various military forces in his district.

The Rev. H. Loomis, in 'The Missionary Review of the World,' writing some time before his death, gave the following interesting account apropos of his first meeting with Mr. Kataoka:—

'Spending the Sabbath in Osaka some years ago, I went in the morning to worship at one of the Presbyterian churches.

—'After waiting some time beyond the regular hour for the services to begin, one of the officers of the church went forward and announced that, for some unknown reason, the preacher who had been expected had not come; but, he continued, "we have with us to-day Mr. Kenkichi Kataoka, and we shall be glad if he will speak to us."

'Mr. Kataoka then went forward, and in a quiet and modest way made a very helpful and interesting address. No one would have thought, from his humility and religious fervor, that this was the vice-president of the Liberal Party, and one of the most prominent political leaders in Japan, whose influence and reputation are not only national, but a credit to his country.

'He first came in contact with Christianity in 1871, when on a visit to the United States and Europe. The modesty, kindness, and faithfulness of the missionary who acted as interpreter and guide made a deep impression upon his mind. Also the effect of Christianity as seen in the homes, schools, and benevolent institutions in America. And when in England, he discovered that the larger part of the middle and upper classes, including such men as Mr. Gladstone, were sincere believers in Christianity, and their faith was in direct proportion to the nobility of their character. The result of his observations was that he came back to Japan filled with the idea that many and very important reforms were needed to secure the highest welfare of his countrymen, and with a true, patriotic, and self-sacrificing spirit he set about the introduction of a new and better state of things. In 1873, he and his friends started a political association, of which he was made the president, and through magazines, newspapers and lectures, he propagated his principles of reform. Missionaries and evangelists were welcomed to his province, and, together with some of his political friends, Mr. Kataoka began the study of Christianity. In May, 1885, he made a profession of his faith in Christ, and from the first took a decided and prominent position in religious matters.

'Some time after his conversion, he went to Tokyo with one of his friends, to petition the government for freedom of speech and of the press and other important objects. Just at that time there was a regulation passed by the government excluding all men from his province from the capital, except such as were permanent residents. Mr. Kataoka and his companion felt that the order was unjust, and refused to leave until they had accomplished the purpose of their visit. They were, therefore, arrested and imprisoned. This seemed at the time a most unfortunate affair, because Christians would consequently be accused of being unwilling to obey the laws of the country, and thus the work would suffer.

But God overruled it all for the best. These two men were permitted to have a Bible, and the time spent in prison was devoted to a careful and prayerful study of God's Holy Word. Others were instructed in its truths;

THE HON. KENKICHI KATAOKA.

and when Mr. Kataoka and his companion were released, they came out thanking God that this season of freedom from the cares and duties of ordinary life had brought them such a new and wonderful revelation of the riches of God's grace as revealed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. From this time forth they testified, as never before, of the joy and comfort that they experienced in the study of the Scriptures and in daily communion with God.

'In the course of time, the Liberal Party became the most powerful political organization in the country. Mr. Kataoka was the vice-president for many years, and steadily grew in the respect and esteem of the people of all classes. He was a member of the House of Representatives at every session of the Diet from its first establishment, and a trusted and recognized leader. In three sessions he filled the office of president.

'There was some fear that in the important position which he was thus called to fill, he would be less zealous and faithful as a Christian. But the true and noble qualities of the man shone forth as never before. Like Daniel in the court of a Persian monarch, he did not deny his Lord, but in the face of every obstacle, went boldly forward in the path of duty.'

He was known always and everywhere as an earnest Christian. He said that he never entered the hall of Parliament and took his seat to preside without bowing his head in silent prayer for God's presence and guidance.

For some time he opened his official residence in Tokyo on each successive Sabbath, for a Christian service, and sent cards personally inviting men of rank and influence in the capital to attend, securing as the speakers for these services the ablest and best in the city.

A few years ago when he was being sought after as the Speaker for the Lower House, his political friends wanted him to resign his official position as elder of the church where he was a member, urging that it was scarcely consistent with the dignity of so high a government office. His noble answer was: 'If I am to choose between them, I would rather be elder in the church than Speaker.' But he filled both offices with equal honor and ability.

Two years ago, though in spite of his own modest protests that he was unfit for such an office, he was made President of the Dashisha, the great Christian University of Japan. The Rev. J. H. Davis, referring to the occasion upon which Mr. Kataoka took the oath of office, says: 'We were all standing round the table, when he said, "I want to pray," and thereupon offered one of the most touching prayers to which I ever listened, and I think there was not a dry eye in the room.'

Mr. Kataoka's desire was to lay down in time his political offices and devote himself to the University, but it was ordered otherwise. After six months of ever increasing suffering, borne with all the strength of a ripe Christian character, he passed away on October 31, 1903, just a little over a year ago. Let us thank God for such a life, for such a death, and for a rich heritage of high example.

Fifty Years in India.

PIONEER MORAVIAN WORKERS IN THE WESTERN HIMALAYAS.

When Mr. Heyde left Germany in 1853 for India, little did his friends think that he would work there continuously for fifty years, but such was God's gracious plan for him. Mrs. Heyde joined him in 1860, and remained at work then without once visiting their native land, till 1903; Mr. Heyde has therefore broken most records of missionary service.

The Moravian Mission to Tibetans was founded in 1853, in which year one other missionary with Mr. Heyde arrived in India with the intention originally of establishing a mission in Mongolia. The first year was spent in Kotgarh—fifty miles from Simla—in order to prosecute the study of Urdu and Mongolian while maturing their plans for further progress into the regions beyond. In those days the Western Himalayas were little known. They had only recently (1849) come under British rule, and travelling among them was difficult. Having completed their preparations, and themselves attired in the red dress of the Lama or Buddhist priest, the missionaries proceeded on their journey through Kulu and Lahoul as far as Ladakh or Western

Tibet. Here they found that the way onward was barred. Stupendous mountain ranges and sandy wastes extended for hundreds of miles between them and their goal, and they then realized that an impossible task had been set them. Mongolia has, as we know, been entered with the Gospel in more recent times, but the honor of the first attempt rests with the Marovian Church.

Finding their endeavor to enter Mongolia frustrated, the missionaries turned eastwards, and travelling along the borders of Tibet proper, they made the first attempt to enter that fast closed land. Here, too, they met with failure, for the door into Tibet was faster closed then than ever now. Nothing was left them but to retrace their steps into British territory, and they returned through the Sutlej Valley to Kotgarh.

In due time the sanction came for them to make Lahoul the headquarters of the mission, and with this sanction also the welcome news that a third missionary was being sent out to their help. After his arrival the three missionaries set out on their journey once more, and after careful examination they selected Kyllang, in Lahoul, for the permanent location of the mission. In this lonely spot a house was presently erected, and it is interesting to know that while this work, under the missionaries' personal supervision, was peacefully going forward, the Mutiny was raging on the plains. Only once did danger come near them, when a band of mutineers, probably from Peshawar, approached to the top of the Bara Lacha Pass near by, but from that point they turned away in another direction, and the mission was saved. Though a resting place was now found, it was never regarded as a permanent goal, for the hearts of the missionaries were fixed on the districts yet further afield, and these, after a protracted time of waiting, were in God's providence opened, as other workers arrived to labor to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyde returned to their home in Germany without expectation of returning to India. Many years ago they sent to Germany a little son less than ten years of age, and in 1903 themselves returned to see their son, a man of forty years.

The difficulty of occupying such a distant station as Kyllang may be partially realized by the fact that the passes being blocked with snow, there is no communication with the outer world. Letters are sometimes kept waiting for months for the melting of the snows. Also breathing the rarefied air at such a high altitude has been a serious trial to the wives of two of the missionaries, and has made it necessary for both families to leave their beloved work.—'The Baptist Missionary Herald.'

Success or Failure.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, in an address to clergymen delivered at Northfield, had this wise word to say to those who asked him such questions as, 'What was the secret of Mr. Moody's success?'

'If your question means that he whom God found and put forward and sent throughout the world to call thousands into the kingdom was a success, and that man there whose name has never been in the paper, but who has for twenty-five, thirty or forty years been in one pastorate, feeding the flock, caring for them, training them, teaching them, that that man is a failure, I want to say to you that you are liable to make a very great mistake. If God has given you, my dear brother, the gift of the pastor, and he has put you down over some flock away there in the wilderness, when presently you meet him, if you are faithful to your gift and your opportunity, your reward will be as great as the reward of the man who has been in the front of the public gaze.'—'Presbyterian.'

The Completed Life.

'The Christian life is the only life that will ever be completed.'—Prof. Drummond.

(Phebe A. Holder, in the 'Christian Herald.')

The Christian life—the only life
That ever can completed be—
The life that's hid with Christ in God,
Shall open in eternity.
Apart from Christ, this life of ours
Is but a broken pillar found.
Unfinished pyramid the race
Of man upon this earthly ground.
In sight of vast eternity,
Human ideals short must fall;
Still one by one before the grave
Dissolve the cherished hopes of all.
The broken arcs of earthly life
In heaven become the perfect sound;
So faithful lives of lowly ones
By the dear Master shall be crowned.
Complete in him, our all in all,
He takes us in our nothingness
Faultless before the Father's throne
Enrobed in his own righteousness.
Complete in thee, O blessed Christ,
Kept by thy loving, faithful power,
From glory unto glory still,
To rise with thee forever more.

Where Perfect Happiness was Found.

THE STORY OF A VISION.

A long time ago, in what were called the Dark Ages, when the world was full of strife, sorrow and sin, and the few good people who remained were almost tired of life, because they saw so much of evil and found so little to help them towards God, a certain man went forth, as many others did, in search of happiness. He quitted the busy world and the society of men, and betook himself to a silent and great lone desert, where the wicked would cease from troubling, and where all his thoughts could be of God.

There he made his abode in a mountain cave, and tilled the soil around, living upon such simple herbs as it yielded, and spending much time in prayer.

But he was not happy, for the silence made him afraid, and he missed the sight of human faces, and his heart was empty because he had no one to care for and no one to love. Day by day he prayed that God would give him a vision of perfect joy, and one night, as he slept and dreamed, an angel appeared to him and said:

'Thy prayer is heard; follow me, and thou shalt see what thy heart has longed for.'

Then the angel moved on swifter than the wind, and the dreamer followed, as if his feet were wings, over the silent country, waste sands, mountains, and valleys, until they came to the great, sinful city from which the man had fled, and the din of its restless, busy throngs rose on their ears.

And first the angel stopped near a crowd of laughing and excited people who were singing and dancing in mad merriment among flowers and fruits, and tables covered with wine and rich dainties; but happiness was not there, for the angel touched the eyes of the dreamer, and showed him strange things. He saw that the wine was hot like fire, and burned the hearts of those who drank it; and the fruit, though luscious to the taste, turned the brain sick and the body languid; and the flowers were not real, but made of paper; and what seemed laughing faces were only masks. The faces underneath were weary, and fierce, and ugly, for they covered envies, and jealousies, and hatred, and all sorts of unlovely passions and hideous thoughts.

Then the angel led the way to a palatial temple, adorned with choicest works of art. Here were gathered the broad-browed thinkers and wise men of the city, who knew all things in heaven and earth and seas, and in the mind of man, or thought they did, and they were discussing great themes, and talking loftily about all the deep mysteries.

But happiness was not theirs, for these men, in pursuing knowledge, had left the child's heart behind them. Their great thoughts had pushed out sweet and tender feelings; their philosophy had made them proud and ambitious; each one wished to be deemed wiser than his brethren, and they were ever contending among themselves which of them should be the greatest. Nay, there was a weary and hungry look upon their faces, as if they were ever searching for what they could not find. For though they knew so many earthly things, they knew nothing about God; and, though they had learned the secrets of the stars, the heaven above was more hidden from them than from the eyes of a little child.

Once more they passed on, until the angel brought the dreamer to a Royal palace, where a king sat enthroned in splendor, with thousands of servants and soldiers waiting to do his bidding. He called himself king by Divine right, and ruled with unlimited power over millions of people, and flattering lips called him great and glorious, and men prostrated themselves before him as if he were the Almighty.

But happiness was not there, for the king knew that, though all men feared him, none loved. He had a host of secret enemies, and some were plotting to take his life, and he lived from day to day in fear as if a sharp sword was suspended over his head ready at any moment to fall.

Again they moved on through the crowded streets until they came to that quarter of the city where the hovels of the poor were packed together, and where the wails of the hungry were often heard. The angel stopped at the door of a little cottage. They entered in silence, and there, in one bare room, was a widow kneeling by the bedside of her sick and crippled boy.

He had been lying there for months in a great deal of pain, and for months she had nursed him, and toiled for him, and every day brought him flowers, and day by day she had prayed with him, and talked to him about the place where children would be no more sick and crippled, but would walk in white robes among fadeless flowers, and see the face of God. He had become all the world to her, and she was all the world to him. There was a happy look upon his face already, such as the angels wear, and in her eyes there gleamed a light like that which shines in heaven.

Then the angel turned to the dreamer and said: 'There is the vision you asked for. Perfect happiness is where perfect love is.' Yes, love is the greatest thing in the world, and it is the greatest thing in heaven, for God is love, and where love is God is, and where love is strong and pure there heaven is.—'Sunday Companion.'

Molly.

A SKETCH.

(L. Crofts, in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

Old Molly Sorrel drew her shawl closely round her as she came out of the church. Her eyes were sad and troubled, and her footsteps faltered.

Life had seemed very hard of late, and Molly was tired and confessed to herself that she 'couldn't reckon things up.'

The sermon had been about the duty of love towards God. It had been delivered in very eloquent, and to Molly, very obscure language, and she was sore puzzled.

'Well, well,' she said to herself, 'if it is so, it is; but I can't understan' it. I can't make meself love a person I'v' never seen nor even known. They say he's here, but I'v' been a seekin' him all me life and never found him yet!'

On her way home from the day's charing the following night she had to call at one of the big houses for some washing.

The kitchen was warm and bright and comfortable. Molly had had a hard day. She sat down near the fire glad of a few minutes' rest while she waited for the bundle.

The cook was making preparations for the dinner. The soup smelt very good and appetizing. Molly thought of the eighteen pence in her pocket, and was wondering if she could afford to get 'a bit of something' as she went home, when suddenly voices were heard coming from the drawing room. A man's harsh tones, loud and angry, and then a woman's pleading voice which broke every now and then into a sob.

'Ah,' said the cook, as she paused with the soup ladle in her hand, 'it's master and missis; mercy on us! they're at it again!'

As Molly went out with her bundle of clothes the tears were in her eyes.

'Even there,' she said, 'is sorrow and misery!'

She trudged along. Presently she began to hum a scrap of a song she had heard somewhere.

Against some railings was a woman with a baby in her arms. She was leaning up against them as if weary, and something in her face made Molly hesitate a moment and then stop.

'Why,' she said, ''tis cold ye'l be a-standin' there like that, and the child an' all, why don't yer get along home?'

The woman raised her eyes in surprise to Molly's kindly ones.

'I'm only resting a bit,' she said.

'Have yer walked far?' asked Molly.

''Most all day.'

Molly looked at the little pale face of the child beneath the shawl.

'Is she asleep?' she inquired.

'No, I don't think so; she's always like that. I can't get her food; we'v' had nothing since yesterday,' and the woman straightened herself as if to move on.

'Why, let me carry the bairn a bit for yer,' said Molly. 'Yer looks just fit to drop,' and tucking her bundle under one arm, she took the child with the other, and they trudged off together.

At the corner of a narrow street Molly stopped, and, putting the child back in its mother's arms, fumbled in her pocket.

'See, me dear,' she said, 'it's only a trifle, but it'l get yer a bite for to-night.' And thrusting her earnings into the woman's hand, she hurried away into the darkness.

She climbed the stairs to a little room at the top of some old buildings. It was very bare and comfortless. She found some sticks and some pieces of coal, and kindled a blaze in the grate; then she sat down in front of it and watched the light flicker on the walls.

She fancied that somehow the room did not look quite so poor and shabby as it did on other nights. The fire seemed to burn bigger and brighter than it usually did. She felt quite warm; and a feeling of wonderful peace and rest came over her.

Suddenly she became conscious of someone in the room, standing beside her chair, and a voice, exceedingly soft and tender, seemed to say to her ear—

'Molly, Molly, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these ye have done it unto me. Lo, I am with you alway!'

The face of the woman with the baby passed before her and smiled.

Molly opened her eyes. The tears were running down her cheeks, and a great peace, such as she had never felt before, filled her soul.

'Lord,' she cried, 'stretching out her wrinkled hands, 'dear Lord, I have found thee at last!'

Little Words.

(L. M. Montgomery, in the 'Canadian Churchman.')

Just a little word that bore
Comfort to a heart grown sore,
Filled a day with better cheer
That had else been dull and drear,
Was that gentle little word.

Just a little word of scorn
Sharper than the rose's thorn,
Spoiling gladness with its smart,
Rankling long within the heart,
Lightly spoken, sadly heard
Was that bitter little word.

Oh, the power of little words.
Swifter they than winged birds,
Messengers of joy or pain,
Heavenly kindness, anger's bane,
Borne on one fleet breath, they may
Hurt or help for many a day.

Let us make them brave and true,
Speaking none that we must rue,
For in some eternal year
We our words again may hear,
Echoing back to you and me,
Fruitage of their ministry.

'Give up Your Sin!'

This was the advice given to a London loafer the other day by Mr. Charles Alexander, the singing evangelist. I was accompanying him down Paternoster Row, when a dejected, disconsolate fellow came up and said: 'Excuse me, sir, but I must ask you for help—I have nothing in the world.'

'Do you drink?' said the evangelist.

'I sometimes take a glass of beer,' replied the pale-faced man.

'I thought so.' Looking at the hands of the suppliant, Mr. Alexander added: 'And you also smoke cigarettes; both these things bring a man down.'

Changing the note, the evangelist said: 'I want you to know that God loves you. Mind, I am not talking down to you; I love your soul. The only reason I am occupying the position I am, and have a little money in my pocket to give you, is found in the fact that I have given my heart to God.'

'Why does not God make me love him?' queried the man, indignantly, and with ill-feeling. 'I am without food, and have not a shirt to my back.'

'My friend, you must first give up your sin. If you do not, you will doubtless remain as you are. On the other hand, I am able to tell you that in all my travels I never saw a live Christian without a shirt to his back. God clothes and feeds those who leave their sin, and surrender themselves to his will.'

Handing the man a piece of money, more substantial than the usual charity gift, Mr. Alexander said: 'Now remember that the man who gives you this money is a Christian, who tells you that God loves you. Do not spend it in drink, but heed my words.'

The man was broken down, and the tears of gratitude flowed as he hastened to apologize for the rudeness and impertinence which he had shown earlier in the conversation.

Continuing, the evangelist pressed home his message: 'Christ says: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." You may fool men, but you cannot deceive God. He says he will be found of them that seek him with all their hearts. But nothing short of a full surrender will avail, and you must not expect God to take care of you—to feed and clothe you—until you leave your sin. As a Christian, you will find the promises and the power of God working for your good.'

The man asked for direction as to further instruction and help, and was commended to the care of well-known workers.—F. S. T., in the 'Christian.'

Two Men and a Moral.

A pale young man sat down on a bench in the park. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red-faced man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned and said in a slow, tired way: 'Drop that. It ain't worth stealing.'

The ruddy man said, 'Not if you're lookin'.'

The pale man set the bag at his feet and said:

'It's poor business you're in.'

'You don't look as if yours was any better.' He sat down. 'What is your callin'?'

'I'm an iron worker bridge work.'

'Don't look strong enough.'

'That's so. I'm just out of the hospital; got hurt three months ago.'

'I'm just out of the hospital, too,' he grinned.

'What hospital?'

'Sing Sing.'

'What? Jail?'

'Yes; not bad in winter, either. There's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes, too.'

'Clothes? Is that so?'

'Gets you work——'

'Work! I wish they'd get me some.'

'You ain't bad enough. Go and grab somethin'. Get a short sentence; first crime. Come out and get looked after by nice ladies.'

'My!'

'Didn't they do nothin' for you when you got out of that hospital?'

'No! Why should they? I'm only an honest mechanic. Are you goin'?'

'Yes. I've got to go after that job. It'll give me time to look about me. You look bad. Good-bye.'

The ruddy man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated, and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.—Dr. Weir Mitchell, in 'Century.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

On the Road to the Poor-house.

(Miss Minnie Jones.)

It was on the afternoon of November 24. The air was cold and damp. A gray mist hung in shadowy clouds over the deep sluggish river that crept under the high iron bridge and gurgled through the meadows. Down it swept by the rich alluvial fields of corn and laughed in the sunny pastures, where, in the summer, the sleek cattle of Ezekiel Manlin ate and drank their fill.

Uncle Zeke, as he was familiarly called, had died in the spring; just as the crops were finished planting he went to his rest, and another must reap his bounteous sowing. The bright days of spring-time were filled with darkness and sadness to the gentle Elizabeth, who had walked with him for thirty years and shared his joys and sorrows. She had borne her loss uncomplainingly and endured her grief in silence.

As the days of summer came and went, the duties of caring for the interests of the large farm and the productive bank account partially filled her mind.

She was a model of neatness in housekeeping. Her kitchen the brightest, her rooms the most orderly in all the country around. No books and papers lay in profusion upon her sitting-room table, for no papers came; she hadn't time to read, and the books of half a century ago were safe behind the glass doors of the old-fashioned book-case. The apartments seemed perfection in taste and refinement. The carpets were beautiful but not to be walked upon; the chairs and sofas luxuriant, but one looked around for somewhere to sit that these might not be disturbed.

On this day before Thanksgiving there was much baking, steaming and boiling going on in the bright kitchen. Dainty layers of snowy cake, long rows of pumpkin pies and huge dishes of amber jellies and preserves were placed upon the pantry shelves. And when they would hold no more, Elizabeth and the faithful servant, Jerusha, ceased their baking.

The kin would come to-morrow. This was a handed down custom with the Manlins.

There was old Ezekiel's two brothers, Thomas and William, who lived in the comfortable Manlin homestead in the next county, a distance of sixteen miles. In early life William had been a great traveller and been much from home. When he did return he lived with Thomas, whose home was open to the wandering brother. They were fine old gentlemen with precise and courteous manners. Their coming always brought out the best the house could command. Then there was their sister, who lived at Elmville, six miles distant, and Elizabeth's two nieces, daughters of her only brother who had died years ago.

These said families assembled year after year to partake of the hospitalities of Ezekiel Manlin. Their coming brought no warmth or gladness. Everything in order, every word in place, every action dignified. This was the prospect. Matters had gone on for years in this same way, why change them?

There would be a vacant place to-morrow. Elizabeth thought of this as she cut the meat for the mince pies and added the fruits and spices. This new grave out in the family burying ground seemed fresher and the wound in her heart more painful.

But the dinner must be finished. 'Jerusha, bring in the flour now. It is time the pies were in. Tell Philip to fill the wood-box.

She went on giving orders, trying to banish the sad thoughts of her mind. A swift prayer was sent from the depth of her heart. Poor weary soul, she did not know that God was sending relief in a very different way than she had asked or thought.

The night drew on and the clouds grew more dense. The wind howled and moaned among the heavy boughs of the Norway pines. Now laughing in glee, now dropping to a dismal whisper that murmured in cadence as it died away among the leafless trees of the avenue. The house seemed empty and lonesome in spite of its handsome furniture and bright lights. The wind grew wilder and the chilly rain came against the windows in gusts. Bedtime came and the household retired. Quiet reigned. Peaceful sleep entered and rocked to rest the weary ones.

Morning dawned clear and frosty. The sun had not risen before Jerusha had cleared away the remains of the morning meal and was making sundry preparations for the dinner. She brought out a great fat turkey ready for the roasting pan. She lighted fires in the wide open fire places. Everything must be in order before the first guest arrived. The sister from Elmville usually came early. The great house fairly beamed with expectation.

Nine o'clock came and Elizabeth was getting into her gray poplin when there was a loud ring at the front hall door. She hastened to go to the door to receive her guests. To her surprise, there stood a hack driver, from Elmville, surrounded by what seemed to her a swarm of ragged children, with pinched faces and pale blue eyes. The man spoke before Eliabeth could inquire his errand.

'We've had a break down over by the bridge. I'll have to take the waggon back to Elmville to be patched up. I brought these up here. (Pointing to the group.) It's too cold for 'em to stand out. I hate to bother you,' he added, as a sort of an apology.

Elizabeth, fearful of the delay to the sour-tempered Jerusha, told them to go around to the kitchen where they could warm themselves.

A timid knock at the back door caused Jerusha to set the pan of potatoes she was paring on the table and open the door hurriedly. She surveyed the group. 'Sakes alive, what do ye want and who be ye any way, prowling around people's premises!'

The frightened group backed off a few steps, the children clinging to the poor little mother, who said in trembling tones: 'The lady said we could come in to get warm.'

She drew her faded shawl closer about her wasted form while the tears gushed from her sunken, faded eyes. I do not know what would have happened if Elizabeth had not come into the room just then.

'Let them in, Jerusha.'

'What will we do with such a gang, when we're so busy?' said Jerusha with some heat, as the chilled and shivering forms gathered around the kitchen fire.

Elizabeth found real pleasure in bringing chairs, and helping them to recomve their scanty wraps.

There was the broken-down mother in faded calico, her wrinkled face and bony hands telling plainly of toil, exposure and starvation. There were five little ones who looked old and worn even in babyhood. The starved look went straight to the warm heart of Elizabeth. She replenished the fire and making them as comfortable as possible, went to the front part of the house, Jerusha having vanished into the pantry with her potatoes, where she snorted in contempt for several minutes. The group by the fire were left alone and as they began to be warm the chairs were moved farther from the fire.

Presently a boy of seven looked toward the others with a roughish twinkle in his eyes, while he rubbed his red swollen hands together: 'My, something smells good to eat,' he said with his little nose high and turning his head, covered with tangled hair, from side to side in survey of the bright room. 'It's turkey. I hear him bumping the sides of the boiler.'

'Look'ee there,' howled baby Milt, and five pairs of longing eyes were turned toward the half-closed pantry doors, where pies, jellies, cakes, fruit, doughnuts and cranberries sat waiting to be placed upon the dinner table. Even the shrinking mother gazed in contemplation. 'And there' almost shrieked Milt as he stood up and stubbed around to his mother as fast as his benumbed limbs would move. 'May I have one?' he said coaxingly, pointing to a large basin of rosy apples.

'No, you must be still,' whispered the mother. 'The man will come for us soon and we will ride a long distance to—'

She stopped suddenly, took the boy upon her lap, while the tears flowed afresh. Silence fell and Jerusha came in and put the potatoes to cook—then went into the dining-room to set the table, thinking in her heart that she ought to give them something to eat but determined in her mind she would not.

As she lifted a huge dish of doughnuts from the shelf she heard Milt say in a rather hoarse plaintive tone that brought the tears to her eyes: 'Mother, will we eat our breakfast when the man takes us to the house for the poor?'

'Yes, Milt.'

'I wish he would come now, I's dreffful hungry.'

He sighed heavily as he looked toward the apples. Jerusha slipped away to where Elizabeth was selecting a great bundle of warm wraps, shawls and blankets from the closet under the stair. After a few minutes' planning, the two women went to the kitchen where a large square table was moved out from the wall and spread with a generous supply of food and Jerusha placed plates for each. Milt counted as she put them down.

'That's for mamma; that's for me; them's for Bud and Nell and Beth and George!'

The poor mother tried in vain to keep him interested in the antics of a tiny gray kitten by the fire.

Elizabeth said kindly to them: 'Would you like a lunch? You will be hungry, if you have far to go.'

The starving family needed no second invitation. After they began eating the women went to finish the preparation for the dinner. Little Milt between bites with his mouth very full said he guessed this was the place after all where the folks kept good things for poor people.

'I specs this is our Fanksgiven dinner, ain't it, Nell? I fink that lady must be Mrs. Santa Claus, but she didn't wait till Christmas to give's things.'

'I wish we lived in the country yet,' said Bud, who had been too busy to talk.

The mother wept silently and Nell put on a sober face.

At length they again sat by the fire; the poor woman shivered in the genial blaze.

'Why do you cry?' said Elizabeth kindly.

'My heart is broken, I have nothing to do but weep. We are poor, wretchedly poor.

You are kind. We had no breakfast this morning. There was nothing in the house to eat. The landlord put us into the street,' said Mary Wildon rapidly.

'We were not always poor,' she said. 'Until three years ago I did not know what want was. See how rapidly we have gone to the bottom. We lived on a fine farm just north of Elmville. We sold it and went to live in the city. My husband lost in a speculation. Poverty came. It was more than his proud nature could endure. We buried him among the graves of the poor.

'Since, I have been trying to support these. My health failed. It was useless to try in that wicked city—I see it all now. I would not give up. We are being taken to the poor-house. God have mercy on the poor who have seen better days! At first I rebelled, but I could get no work and did not want to starve. I was so cold and faint this morning I did not think I could walk when the wheel went to pieces. You have been very kind to us. God will reward you!'

A sturdy knock at the door announced the hackman who had brought them there. Elizabeth tucked the thick blankets around the wasted forms and kept back the raw east wind with woollen shawls. While she was doing this, she told the driver to take this woman and her children back home, and that she would drive over later in the day and make arrangements for their comfort.

The puzzled driver started for the city, while tears of joy streamed down Mary's face, and the children shouted with delight.

The relatives came at noon. Dinner was served with the same dignity as usual. But a joyous spirit seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Such a flowing of genial good humor. Elizabeth almost forgot about the change that had come into her life.

When she related the events of the morning, her action was applauded, and the planning for Mrs. Wildon and the desolate children was beautiful to hear. Elizabeth was to carry the things to her.

I think Mary must have been glad she started for the poor-house on Thanksgiving morning, for it all turned out for the very best. I know Elizabeth thanked the Great Giver, who said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'—Exchange.

Stick to the Farm.

The above advice is gratuitous, but we are sure it is good. The city has many attractions for young country people, but it has, as well, many snares and pitfalls for unwary, inexperienced feet. Hundreds and thousands of the unsuspecting youth who rush from the farms into the cities, with pure intentions, noble ambitions, and high hopes, land in the slums, the dens of infamy, the penitentiary, and go down to premature graves with blasted lives and broken hearts.

This is no fancy picture; it is an awful, deplorable fact! Had they stuck to the farm they would have become prosperous, thrifty citizens, lived pure, happy, healthy lives, and gone down to honored graves. Going to the city was their ruin. Why? A secular paper answers this question graphically, yet truthfully, in the following:

'Thousands of boys and girls and young men and women are coming to the cities. They are attracted first by the commercial idea, the earning of wages and the making of a fortune, all of which are right in themselves. Their intentions, when they arrive are generally laudable. They never think one moment of going wrong or landing behind the bars; but on the start they are not guarded enough in forming their associations. They drop into low levels, and are never able to rise above them. Many of them fall into pit-holes at the very beginning, and are not able to extricate themselves. They are trapped by their surroundings, and swallowed up by evil companionships. They come from Christian homes but fall into tempting dives. They are swept from their feet by the first attack of temptations. The boy from the country who arrives in the city to stay must fortify himself with courage as with a coat of mail, if he would withstand the assaults that the visions will make to win over to them.'

But, our young friends, suppose you do leave the farm, go to the city, keep straight socially, morally and religiously, engage in business and make a very fair average success of it; will you then be happier and have a better, easier time than you would have had, had you remained on the farm?

'It is not all gold that glitters.' The residents of the cities have their special advantages, advantages of church, society, literary entertainment, free libraries, and all that; but think of the heart-burdens, the weary brains, the sleepless nights spent in planning how to tide over financial crises, how to make business a success, how to satisfy the demands of employees, the demands of society and social position, and a thousand and one other perplexing problems of which the farmer knows nothing.

The farmer is a king. He reigns over his farm and his home. He has at his command the resources of subsistence for himself and his. He has his days of recreation, especially during the winter. The merchant, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the professional man are all dependent upon him. He can stay at home or go to town, one day or another, as he pleases. They must attend to business promptly and diligently, day in and day out, or they fail; and this all through the live-long year. The farmer, having sown his seed, then, as the rhymester puts it:

'He stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And wheels around to view his lands.'

When night comes, the farmer, as the result of the day's toil in the open air, and having had plenty of pure, wholesome food to eat, retires at an early hour to enjoy a night's healthy, refreshing sleep. The business man, the clerk, the professional man whose name is famous, the editor, these reach their homes at a late hour, nervous, perplexed, with no appetite for food, and retire not to enjoy a refreshing sleep, but to toss nervously on a restless bed, lie awake striving to solve a knotty problem of business, or, tortured with insomnia, spend most of the night in a vain effort to find rest in the embrace of 'Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.'

Boys, girls, the above is not an imaginary portrayal. On the contrary, it is the picture of things real, drawn from a long life of actual experience and practical thoughtful observation.—'The Telescope.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Boys That are Wanted.

(Charlotta Perry, in the 'Australian Christian World.')

'Wanted—boys,' this want I find
As the city's wants I read of
And that is so,—there's a certain kind
Of boys that the world has need of.
The boys that are wanted are steady boys,
Unselfish, true and tender;
Holding more dear the sweet home joys
Than the club or the ballroom's splendor.
Boys who have eyes for the sister's grace,
Swift hands for the household duty;
Who see in the mother's patient face
The highest, holiest beauty.
Boys of earnest and noble aim,
The friends of the poor and lowly;
To whom forever a woman's name
Is something sacred and holy.
Boys are wanted whose breaths are sweet,
The pure air undefiling;
Who scorn all falsehood and smooth deceit
That lead to a soul beguiling.
Boys who in scenes that are glad and bright,
Feel their pulses beat the faster,
But who hold each animal appetite
As servant and not as master.
Boys are wanted whose strength can lead,
The weaker upon them leaning;
Boys whose 'No' is a 'No' indeed,
And whose 'Yes' has an equal meaning.
Who are strong not only when life decrees
Its bitter and heavy trials,
But can practise its small economies,
And its everyday self-denials.

David Hodge's Inspiration.

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

(Lena Blinn Lewis, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

David Hodge was 'well-to-do,' but some people spoke of him as being 'a little close.' If that was true it was due to inheritance and not intention. David was sometimes a little slow to comprehend the meaning of, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' but he was never known to refuse to help a good cause if only in a small way. He and Mary Anne had lived happily and comfortably on the old farm for many years, and had been satisfied with what life had brought to them. Their friends were few, but they were company each for the other and their interests had always been the same.

There had been talk at one time of a possibility of Mary Anne's looking with favor upon a likely young man from the city, but that was twenty years ago. To Mary Anne it was only a bit of color in the setting of her life, for she had been true to the promise to her mother to 'look after David,' and, although Mary Anne had been a spinster for forty years or so, she did not look it. Her round rosy face and gentle ways gave one the impression that she was fitted to mother the whole world as well as David. She was wondering if she had failed in any detail, as she put the finishing touches to the supper table, and her brother's cheery voice broke in upon her dreaming.

'They're all ready, Mary Anne; don't ye' want to take a look at 'em?' and holding the lantern to carefully light the path, he led the way to the great shed near the barn.

'Well they do look fine, David,' and she raised herself on her toes to peep into the waggon. Barrels of apples, bags of potatoes, huge yellow pumpkins and green hubbard

squash, to say nothing of the saucy looking cabbages and pink cheeked turnips, all in holiday attire, for the next day was market day and the day before Thanksgiving, and to David it was doubly important because Mary Anne was to 'go 'long.'

'Yo' see I've fixed the seat comfortable like, with the blankets and this here bucket will do for a foot rest, and'—

'You're always so thoughtful o' me, David,' she answered as she pressed his arm. 'But come, supper's ready and those flannel cakes won't improve with waitin.''

The stars were still twinkling when the well loaded waggon left the lane which led from the quaint old farmhouse to the road, and it seemed that every rooster on the place had a pleasant good morning and a sad farewell for the gobblers and chickens which were perched on the top of the load and taking their last ride to town. 'Well,' said Mary Anne, 'this is comfortable,' as she settled herself for the long drive to Dover.

For some distance both were silent, then David said earnestly, 'Do you know, Mary Anne, I've been thinking about Thanksgiving day and what good times we used to have when we were youngsters, and it's been sort o' lonesome late years, don't yo' think?'

'Why, yes, David, but we haven't any relatives near here and Thanksgiving is a sort of relation day, and there isn't any one in our neighborhood we could ask to come to dinner. So we have sort of let it slip along, but if there was any one who would like to come, why I am sure we'd enjoy asking them.'

'Then let's do it, Mary Anne.'

'But we don't know any one, David.'

'That's so, but do you know, these vegetables and birds have been in my mind for a week, and it seemed I could hear 'em all saying, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and when I went to sleep last night those words were dancing before my eyes, "Freely give, freely give."'

'What ails you, David?' and his sister looked at him anxiously from over her spectacles. That anything had disturbed David's comfort of mind, was a serious matter.

'Ye' know we've read a lot in the paper lately of the good the Salvation Army are doing, right here in Dover, and of their great need of funds, and they say as how they just as soon have provisions as money. I've made up my mind that I will give this load of vegetables to the poor, as our thank offering to the Lord.'

Mary Anne's face was a study; this generosity was overwhelming, but there came to her mind the want and need in many of the homes and the scant supply with which to feed so many hungry little souls, and she wondered why she or David had not thought to do this thing before. A whole load of winter vegetables! but then, the Lord gave the vegetables in the first place, and who had a better right to them than his poor, and so the long habit of saving and economy was hidden behind the true feeling of helpfulness. 'It is a grand idea, David, and I am glad you want to do it, but how will you know where to go?'

They were soon in the city and the streets were full of the hurrying, busy people and no one seemed to notice the two country folks on the well loaded waggon, but David had sighted a poke bonnet.

'There's one o' those Salvation people now. Whoa, Bill, whoa Charlie,' and he drove up to the side of the curb, and called out cheerily, 'Good morning Are you an Army lass?'

The girl turned and looked wonderingly at the farmer, but answered pleasantly, 'Yes, sir, is there anything I can do for you?'

David told their story, and tears filled her eyes, and grasping his hand she said reverently, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and soon she was seated between them and they drove to the Army headquarters, where they could learn what was best to be done. David insisted that he wanted to 'peddle' the things out himself, so he and Mary Anne could get a glimpse of the poorer districts of their offering. Two assistants were sent to accompany them and from house to house, tenement to tenement they went, leaving here a basket of potatoes, there a few turnips and a cabbage, and always receiving the grateful thanks of wretched mothers and hungry children, and Mary Anne's heart ached to take them all into her own tender care.

Here it was that David received his inspiration. Why not take a load of these little children and tired mothers home with them for Thanksgiving? Mary Anne was delighted with the proposition, and at once she could see where each would find a corner in the old farm house, and perhaps real happiness besides; it was discussed with the helpers, and after some planning and much discussion as to which of the needy ones should be chosen, and a promise to those who were left that they too should have a turn, four mothers and six little urchins were stowed away in the big high waggon, and a joyous party set out for the country.

Such a Thanksgiving as it was! It seemed that each child thought he was in fairy land, and the worn, pale faces of the mothers fairly shone with the gladness in their own hearts, and, best of all, Thanksgiving was a whole week long, and when the guests were gone and David drove home, he said to himself and to Mary Anne, 'It surely is more blessed to give than to receive,' and Thanksgiving joys were theirs.

Pretty Trifles Easily Made.

There is much to be said in favor of such simple things as blotters, shaving pads, and match scratchers for Christmas gifts. For one reason, they are not hard to make, take very little time, and can be fashioned for the most part of material easily procured, and, further, in the nature of things, they need constant renewal, so that, though you made a number last year, fresh ones for this season will be quite in order.

BLOTTERS.

For these the indispensible thing is four or five leaves of blotting paper, large enough to more than cover an ordinary sheet of note paper. If you get half a dozen large sheets, you will be surprised to see to what good advantage they cut up. You may put an under-piece of stiff pasteboard to give your blotter form, if you chose. If you do, and the pasteboard is discolored, cover the upper side with a sheet of blotting paper pasted on, and the underside with a piece of unruled letter paper.

You may fasten the leaves to the foundation with ribbon or silk cord, punching two holes for it, or you can use one strong paper fastener, to the top of which you will fasten a bow of ribbon. In the former case the leaves are thrown back in using the pad, in the other they are turned round. Two strong brass rings cut and put through the holes at the top instead of ribbon form a fastening that probably some would prefer.

There are many ways of decorating the top sheet. Natural leaves, oak or maple, may be pasted on, or some appropriate motto put on in fancy letters, such as 'Blot out my faults,' 'Impressions from the pen of.....,' 'Pen and ink sketches,' or something similar.

If you wish to make a more elaborate affair, you can cover two sheets of pasteboard with linen or other suitable material. Join them by means of a narrow band of the same, and you have a strong cover, into which you can sew as many leaves of blotting paper as you wish. You can outline anything you desire on the linen cover before putting it on the pasteboard, and you can add pockets for paper and envelopes, if time and materials permit, or fancy dictates.

SHAVING PADS.

These need not be pads at all, but pretty balls of colored tissue paper, so well known as not to need describing. It is a question, however, if father or brother would not prefer a real pad, for a ball half-used is not a very tidy-looking arrangement, and it gets dusty and faded before it is all finished.

A liberal number of sheets of tissue paper, of any available color, and cut whatever size and shape you choose, can be fastened securely on the back of a rather stiff piece of pasteboard, the whole furnished with a ribbon or ring by which to hang it up. The chief point in these articles is to be sure that, while each sheet of paper may be quickly and easily torn off, the pad itself will stand a vigorous pull without coming to pieces.

The pasteboard cover may be decorated to suit the fancy, by painting. Applied pictures, or flowers, or stamp work. Leather, too, would make a very pretty top. Three or four extra bunches of paper for 'refills' would be a thoughtful addition.

MATCH SCRATCHERS.

These are truly endless in variety, yet all seem to turn round some play upon the words 'match,' 'scratch,' or 'strike.' Colored fashion plates furnish a happy hunting ground for the handsome young ladies 'waiting for a match,' or for the 'striking girls' (with tennis raquets or golf sticks) that figure so largely in these useful—indeed, almost necessary—neighbors to the parlor match-box.

A piece of sandpaper forming some part of the costume and a suitable motto inked on the foundation card is all that is needed besides.

Another line shows a rear view of the small boy in overalls with all sorts of variations. The chief point is the sandpaper patches on the overalls, though very comical touches are added by representing one button hanging by a thread, one of the suspenders fastened by a bent pin, or a tuft of hair coming through the top of the big hat. Quaint lettering on the card invites you to 'Scratch your matches on my patches,' or 'Don't scratch your matches on the walls, but scratch them on my overalls.'

A third group of ideas might be developed from one pretty design that showed a bustling hen, surrounded by her newly hatched chicks, and announcing to the public that she and they were 'out for a scratch.' The discolored egg shells were of sand paper, and the figures painted; but they could be either painted or applied according to taste and resources.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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How They Were Reconciled.

(Mary Sweet Potter, in the 'Morning Star.')

'Let's see—it's two years this month since we spoke to Hetty Cline—two years ago last Friday.'

'I guess you're right, Selina. 'Twas the day before I was fifty, and I was fifty-two last Saturday. A pretty long time to go without speaking to our nearest neighbor, Selina.'

'Well, I know, 'Liza, but Hetty was dreadful aggravating and I couldn't stand it another minute.'

'That's so, Selina. Still I don't know as 'twas of quite so much account as we thought 'twas then. I declare I can't think just what 'twas that made the fuss, can you?'

'Well, I rather guess I can!' was Selina's prompt reply. 'She would keep chickens and they kept coming into our garden and some of 'em got drowned in a shower one day and she said our Peter caught 'em, and everybody knows he's been so stiff and blind for the last three years that he couldn't catch a snail, let alone chickens.'

'Oh, yes! I remember now.'

'And she threatened to have Peter killed, and then we had words and we haven't spoken together since.'

'Yes, yes,, I remember it all now, well enough. Words was all there was of it; our cat didn't kill her chickens, nor she didn't kill our cat, but for two years we have been sulking at each other, just as if we had good reason for it.'

Eliza was potting her geraniums and Selina sat just inside the doorway, shelling sweet peas for next year's seed. Eliza's tone and manner cause her sister to look up with great surprise.

'Seem's to me something's come over you, Eliza. You was jest as bitter as I was at the time it happened.'

'Well, it's time something come over me, an' you too, an' we both professors! Did you know she's sick, Selina?'

'Who? Hettie Cline? No, I didn't know.' Selina arose from the border of the geranium bed to look over into the yard of the neighbor who was the subject of their conversation.

'It looks awful quiet over there,' she said. 'There isn't a soul stirring—oh, yes, there is. There's Kitty, the hired girl. Eliza Jane! She's just hung crape on the door-knob, as sure's you're alive!'

Eliza's whole collection of seed peas were allowed to drop to the floor and roll into various hiding-places while she eagerly craned her neck to see the dreadful symbol of which her sister had spoken. Both having beheld the mournful sight, they turned and looked into each other's eyes.

'We've let her die without ever making up friends,' almost whispered Eliza.

'I'm afraid so,' replied Selina. 'What on earth's Kitty doing? Looks as if she was taking up plants or gathering seeds.'

'I guess not, with a death in the house,' Eliza said, trying to collect her scattered peas, but with little success, for her eyes were full of tears. 'What have we been thinking of all this time, Selina?'

'The land o' pity knows, I don't,' she answered. 'I wouldn't have been hard towards Hetty for all the world, any more'n you would have.'

Then they went into the house and sat down in their little dark parlor with folded hands as if already attending the funeral of Hetty Cline.

'I suppose we might as well try to be a little like human folks, and go over,' Eliza said at length. 'There might be something we could do. It must have been a very sudden death. Mr. Andrews said she was sick, but I thought it was a cold or something of that kind. I don't think she even had a doctor.'

In a short time the Lane sisters were walking up the path that led to Mrs. Cline's front door, their minds filled with thoughts of regret and self-blame.

At the distance of a few feet from the door they stopped short and looked in each other's faces.

That which they had taken to be crape tied upon the door knob was simply a black worsted hood carelessly hung there, the owner of which now appeared with a smiling face, her hands filled with flower seeds of various sorts. It was Kitty, Mrs. Cline's maid of all work.

'How do you do?' she said. 'I'm gathering flower seeds. You'll find Mrs. Cline right in there. Throw my old hood down on the floor or anywhere; I thought as the wind was a little chilly I'd need it, but I didn't, so I hung it there.'

'For a moment Eliza and Selina Lane stood irresolute, but soon deciding that they could not retreat they went forward, and shortly found themselves in Mrs. Cline's sitting-room feeling like bashful school girls. Mrs. Cline in her astonishment appeared quite as ill at ease as they when she greeted them, but quickly regained self-possession and showed her delight at seeing them very plainly.

'We heard you was sick——'

'We thought you was dead!' said the Lane sisters, in ungrammatical concert, and then Hattie Cline laughed outright for she understood the situation perfectly, or thought she did.

'Well, I'm a little sick, but I ain't dead,' she replied. 'It seems too bad that we three who used to be such good friends should have become such enemies that only death could bring us together in peace.'

'That's so,' responded Selina heartily.

'And all about nothing, too,' added Eliza. 'It's a burning shame, and I was just saying so to Selina——'

'When we saw Kitty hanging crape on the door——'

'Or we thought we did, and then we started right off. I'm so glad you're alive, Hetty!'

'And so am I,' said Selina, and the duet ended and was succeeded by a flow of tears quite as profuse as if the occasion had really been one of death instead of reconciliation and happiness.

Happiness, indeed, for the three friends realize more and more each day, as their latter years are passing, how much of quiet happiness they lost during those two bitter years when they were estranged, and they try by all the simple means they possess to atone to themselves and each other, finding, however, that spite of all they can do they can never bring back the golden time they spent in thinking and saying bitter things.

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the second week's competition in the gold competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure $200.00 in gold or at least one of the weekly prizes of either $10.00 or $5.00, which are offered up to Dec. 24. Full particulars of the competition will be found in this issue.

Steadfast or Stubborn?

There was a man who thought he was so steadfast and persevering, when he was only stubborn. When anybody opposed him he was unyielding, but when there was a long road to travel, or a hard piece of work to be done, he very soon grew tired.

'When I start out on any new venture,' said a young man, proudly, 'I never give up or make any changes till I carry it through.' But when an engine is off the rails, the farther it goes the more damage it does.

If we refuse to change our methods when more light shows them to have been wrong, it is not loyalty, but stubbornness. Sometimes conditions change, and we must change our methods to meet the new conditions. But underneath all changes, and greater than all knowledge, are the eternal principles which God has revealed to men. In loyalty to these we may be defeated, but they will triumph at last, and if we stand true to them God will strengthen and establish our work for him.

This is steadfastness, not stubbornness—steadfastness that is sure of its reward.—'Christian Age.'

Life a Plan of God.

(The Rev. James Learmont, in the 'Examiner.')

There is a story told by Andrew Fuller of an incident in his early days. He says: 'My father was a farmer, and in my younger days it was a great boast among the ploughmen that they could plough a straight line across the ridges or furrows of the field. I thought I could do this as well as any of them. One day I saw such a line, which had just been drawn, and I thought, "Now I have it." Accordingly I laid hold of the plough, and, putting one of the horses into the furrow which had just been made, I resolved to keep him walking in it, and thus secure a parallel line. By-and-bye, however, I observed that there were what might be termed wriggles in this furrow, and when I came to them they turned out to be larger in mine than in the original. On noticing this, I threw the plough aside, and determined never to be an imitator.' And I think he came to a wise conclusion.

I have heard of a frog that was hunting for flies one day in a meadow. Close by a cow was quietly grazing. The frog said to himself, 'I should just like to see whether I can't be as big as that cow if I like.' So he puffed out his sides until—he burst! So the frog wanted to be something greater than he was, really meant to be. A great many people are very uninteresting to-day because they try to copy somebody else, instead of being themselves.

I want to say a word or two to you about this. If you copy others you will usually fall short of the copy; in fact, the tendency will be to copy the worst in others. The best plan is to live your own life as inspired and helped by God.

The Rabbis used to say that before the stone and timber were brought to Jerusalem for the Temple, every stone and piece of timber was marked, so that before they started for Jerusalem the architects knew where every stone should be placed. It is like that in life. We are all made by God to fit into some one place in the world. And it is only by going on doing the next duty that comes to us and trusting in God that he can lead us into our right place. Only God knows where and what that place is.

Let me tell you a story. I don't know whether it is true, but it is good enough to be

true. It is about two boys, Franz Knigstein and Albrecht Durer. They were brought up together in Nuremberg, and both intended to be artists. With this purpose in view they attended the study of Michael Wohlgemuth for instruction. The parents of both boys were poor, and it was a hard struggle to keep their sons at their work until they were able to take care of themselves. The master soon found out that Albrecht possessed genius, but Franz would never make a great painter. But both were industrious and frugal and affectionate. They loved each other dearly, and were kind and true to those at home. Years passed away; one went to Italy, and the other continued his studies in Germany. Soon Franz married, and after a time Albrecht also. The old people died, and times were bad, and art as a profession was dull. Albrecht feared that Franz would never succeed as an artist, as did their former master. Once they planned together to make a picture of the Passion of our Lord; and when they met to show each other what they had done, the picture of Franz was cold and lifeless, while that of Albrecht was a masterpiece and full of beauty. It was a revelation. Franz himself saw the difference. He was then in middle life, and he saw that as an artist he was a failure; saw that he must give it up, as he could never succeed. He was a brave man; he did not complain; only for one awful moment he buried his face in his hands. Then he said, with a sob in his voice, though he was still full of courage, 'The good Lord gave me no such gift as this, but he has something yet for me to do; some homely work will yet be found for me; I have been blind so long. I have lost so much time; be you the artist of Nuremberg, and I——'

'Oh, Franz, be still an instant!' cried Albrecht, and a quick rush was made to the paper before him on the table. Only a few lines with a skilful hand he sketched. Franz really thought he was adding another stroke to his drawing, and waited patiently, leaning over the mantel with his fingers twined and clasped. Next day Albrecht showed his friend the sheet. 'Why, those are only my own hands,' said Franz: 'where did you get them?' And he answered, 'I took them as you stood making the sad surrender of your life so very, very bravely, and I murmured to myself, those hands that may never paint a great picture can now almost certainly make one. I have faith in those folded hands, my brother-friend. They will go to men's hearts in the years to come.' And the prophecy was true; for all round the artistic world has gone the tale and the picture. And the 'Folded Hands,' by Albrecht Durer, in the Gallery at Vienna, are but the hands of his friend Franz Knigstein, once folded in sweet, brave resignation when he gave up his heart's wish, and yet believed God had something for him to do.

There are some things, my dear boys and girls, you will never be able to do. Pray to God every day to open your way for you, that you may reach the sphere he intends you for —that you may be yourself and yet not yourself, but that Christ may live in you. Thus you will be God's original and will be helped to do what he would do were he in your place to-day.

Giving Money Away.

Two weeks ago we gave $15 in cash prizes for $22.85 of subscription money.

Last week we gave $15 for only $8.35 of subscription money.

This week we give $15 for only $15.90 of subscription money.

The six people who have won the three $10 and three $5 prizes for sending in most subscription money for the 'Witness', 'World Wide', and 'Northern Messenger' in the last three weeks have also received about $25.00 in commissions, between them.

That looks like an easy way of making money, doesn't it?

Why don't you try?

We are giving these cash prizes, one of $10 and one of $5, every week until Christmas, in addition to our very liberal commissions, which alone are enough to make canvassing for the 'Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' a very profitable occupation for your spare time.

Besides, there is that prize of $200 coming on June 1, 1905, to the one sending the largest amount of subscription money (except Sunday School clubs for 'Northern Messenger') before that date. Everything you send in now counts towards that prize, besides giving you the chance of one of the weekly prizes.

So far, Mr. Newcomb, who sent us $12.25 and got $18.23 in prizes and commissions for himself, heads the list for the $200 prize. You can beat that record.

Try your neighbors. Why shouldn't they appreciate our publications as much as you do?

The following are the successful competitors in the gold competition for the week ending November 5th:

First Prize—$10 to Archie A. McNaughton, Ontario, who sends $10.15 worth of subscriptions, on which Mr. McNaughton is entitled to $3.60 commission, making a total of $13.60 cash secured for his list.

Second Prize—$5.00 to A. L. Harvey, Ontario, who sends $5.75, mostly renewals.

The fourth weekly competition will close Saturday, November 12th. There is ample time to have a list secured before that date.

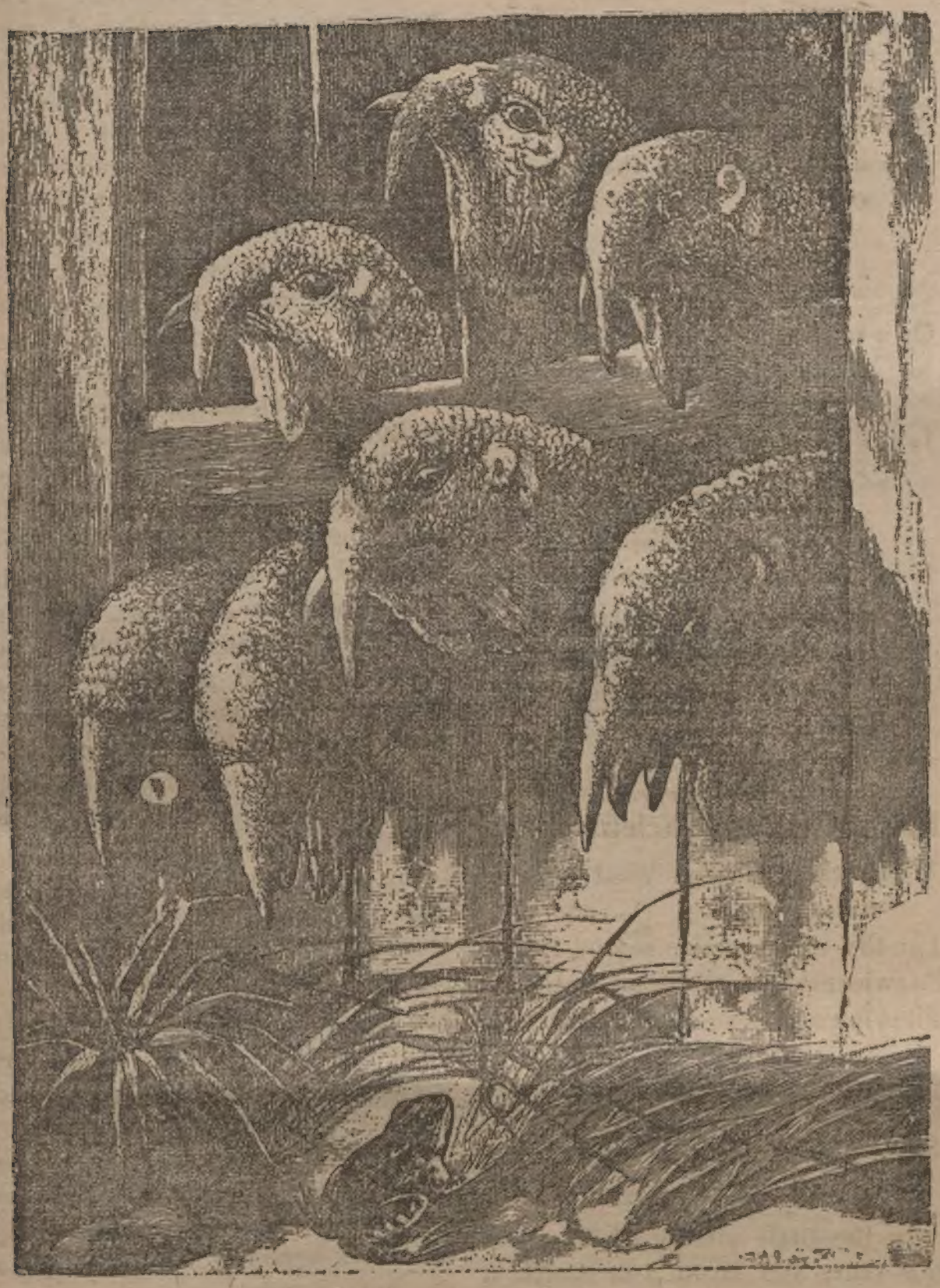
The lists must be marked "Gold Competition."

These Prizes were despatched on Monday.

Whole-Hearted.

Half-heart is no better than half-hot. A passenger asked the engineer, when the train stopped, whether he was short of water, and was answered, 'Oh, no! There's lots of water, but it ain't bilin'.' Many lives are held back for the same reason. John made his remarks about the luke-warm Christianity of the Laodiceans sufficiently pointed to be clearly understood.

Many times all that a man needs in order to be a success in the work of God's Kingdom is to go on doing exactly the things he is now doing, but to do them with all his might instead of only with his little finger. Plainest, simplest Christian lives can shine like the apostles' when they get their baptism of fire. In the records of Israel we are told that when Judah sought Jehovah 'with their whole desire,' he was found of them. In God's service the holy heart will be the whole heart.—'S. S. Times.'



THE LITTLE FROG STARED ON.

The Disobedient Frog.

There was once a little frog, and, like some little people, he did not always do as he was bid, and he sometimes did what he was expressly forbidden to do. He was strictly forbidden by his mother, a very wise old frog, not to go near the turkeys in Farmer Watson's yard; but the turkeys were so beautiful, so unlike common turkeys, he thought there would be no harm in forgetting his mother's warning.

The turkeys certainly were beautiful; they were a deep copper color with white tips to their wings, and white tails, and a little black tuft on their breasts; they had a fleshy pointed flap hanging over their bills like other turkeys, and bare heads and necks. There were a large number of them, and several of them came to the front of the shed to look at Master Frog as soon as they heard his croak; no doubt they all longed to have a peck at him, but they could not reach him, so he was not afraid, but stared out of his bright eyes at them.

One of them was very angry and gobbled furiously at him; the old turkey-cock pretended he would not take the trouble to peck at the frog if he could; three young turkeys strained every nerve to reach him, but the little frog stared on and thought how silly it was of his mother to be so nervous, the turkeys could not possibly get him, there was no danger——

Crash! bang! gobble, gobble!

A hob-nailed boot came crushing down on the little frog—all that was left of him was a flattened mass; he never saw turkeys or anything else again, for Farmer Watson had killed him.

So Mrs. Frog was the wiser after all, and the moral is, it is never safe or wise to disobey your parents.
—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

The Power of Sympathy.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The word of cheer,
The hush that means, 'I cannot speak
But I have heard,'
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!
—'League Journal.'

The Children of the Wood.

Morning and Evening.

(By M. S. M., in 'Canadian Baptist.')

'Oh, dear!' sighed Mother Earth, 'I have so much to do and so little time to do it in. There are creepers to make for Arbutus, a frock for Jack (in-the pulpit), and Violet has been crying all week for a dress like Mrs. Rainbow's. There are so many of the little darlings, and they all have their own notions about their spring clothes. I declare, I am almost distracted.

But Mother Earth managed to get the creepers made in time; and, just as Arbutus was starting out, she called after her, 'Now dear, don't stay away too long, because you cannot all be off at the same time, and some of these other restless little folks are anxious to be out making the poor old world brighter.' Then after a moment she continued, as she felt a tugging at her new green skirt. 'What do you want, Lily? Do not pull at my dress so. Thirsty? Never mind, dear, I will ask Mr. Cloud if he has any water to spare.'

'You are most welcome to any-

thing I have, Mrs. Earth,' answered Mr. Cloud. 'I will send some water down in the morning. There are so many of your little ones, that I find it hard to keep track of them all, but,' he added with a twinkle in his eyes, 'I think they all know me, and like me, even though I am old and cross.'

'We like Mr. Sun, too,' piped little Marguerite, who had been known to sit in a field for hours and gaze up into that gentleman's face, 'He smiles so sweetly, and when he gets tired and goes to bed, we all feel sorry; and sometimes we cry. Then in the morning when he wakens, we all cry again because we are so glad to see him.'

'How quickly this summer has passed!' exclaimed Mrs. Earth, as she looked up and saw, one by one, her children coming back to her. 'Here it is time to put them all to bed again, and it seems but a little while since I dressed them and sent them off. Mr. Northwind told me that Mrs. Cloud was intending to send me another white coverlet like the one she sent me last autumn. Mr. Sun took it last spring, and I shall need one for the children's bed.'

So Mother Earth tucked all her tired little ones snugly away for the winter night. Mr. Sun's face took on a stern expression to hide his real feeling of loneliness for his little flower-friends. Mr. Cloud hurried away from the desolate scene, only pausing a moment to drop a few tears on the spot where, a little while before, a merry group of Violets had smiled shyly up at him.

'Hush, hush,' crooned Mother Earth. 'Sleep, tired little ones, sleep, Mother will call you early in the Spring.'

Little by Little.

'Little by little,' a small boy said,
And each day the littles he stored
in his head;
Little by little in wisdom he grew,
Learning each day a little that's
new,
Till at last the world in amazement
cries
'How great is the man, how wondrous wise.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Song of the Cat.

The cat! The cat!
She sits on the mat
All day a-winking and purring;
The lazy cat,
She's blind as a bat,
When the rats and the mice are
stirring.

Our sleepy cat!
There's never a rat
Or a mouse afraid to wake her;
Our harmless cat,
For the matter of that,
Is the very cat for a Quaker.

The cat! The cat!
What would she be at
If left as her own provider?
Poor cat! Poor cat!
She'd starve on the mat.
And the mice would dance beside
her.

—Waif.

Found in an Ancient Bible.

When thou readest what here is
writt,
Let thy best practice second it;
So twice each precept read shall be—
First in ye booke, and nexte in thee.

Ada's Victory.

(By Rose K., in 'The Canadian Baptist.')

In the little village of H——, a few years ago, lived Ada Smith, a bright faced romping little miss with light yellow curls, and laughing blue eyes. She was nearly always dressed in blue, for she was very fond of what, in her still earlier days, she had called her 'b'ue d'ess,' so much so, that no dress was pretty in her eyes unless there was some blue in it. Papa called her his little blue bird. When she was thirteen years old she gave her heart to Jesus, that dear Saviour who longs for the hearts of all the boys and girls, that he may be their kindest, truest friend for ever.

Having taken him as her Master she earnestly desired to serve him truly every day of her life; but lo, right in the path, almost blockading her way, was a great strong giant! She tried to find some way of getting around him, but in vain. There he was, and evidently meant to remain right in her way.

Other smaller giants there were, too; but the one in particular which gave her so much trouble went by the name of Bad Temper. Perhaps you are acquainted with some of his relatives of the same name.

This Bad Temper kept a great many servants. Three, Sharp Tongue, Spite, and Pout, he always kept at his side, ready to do his bidding; others he kept a little farther off, but within easy calling distance. Although she had known it was not right, Ada had been to a great extent simply obeying this giant's directions. Now, when she found that he was hindering her so much, from walking the path in which her new Master would have her walk, she longed, oh, so much, to escape from him, but, ah, how firmly seated she found him to be. Often he would seemingly cast a spell over her, and Sharp Tongue, Pout, or one of his other servants, would fly right to her side and tell her what to do, and she would unthinkingly obey; and by so doing bring tears into the eyes of her dear mamma, or a sorrowful, troubled look on the face of her papa. Then she would go away and cry about it, for she was really a loving, kind-hearted little girl when not obeying this giant, and did not want to give them pain.

'Oh, how can I ever be even a little bit like the gentle Jesus, so meek and mild,' she would sometimes ask herself when her mamma or her Sunday School teacher talked of how even little Christians should strive to become like their Saviour.

On the way home from school one day she and four or five of her girl friends planned to go immediately after tea and gather chestnuts from the big tree which stood on the edge of her uncle's woods; but after tea, Ada's mamma asked her to help her with the dishes, that she might have time to call on a friend that evening. Ada took the wiping towel, and made her little hands fly as fast as she could, standing first on one foot and then on the other to hasten the process, and tripping lightly to and from the sideboard and kitchen table, chatting all the while about the lovely time she and the girls would have gathering chestnuts. When the dishes were nearly finished her brother Eddie came into the kitchen, and seeing Ada's haste, went and playfully stood in the doorway as she started, with a pretty plate in her hand to go to the sideboard.

(To be continued.)

Aunt Becky's Advice.

Josiah, put your slippers on,
And cease this needless clatter;
I want to have a word with you
About a little matter.

I heard you on your knees last night
Ask help to keep from straying,
And now I want to know if you
Will vote as you've been praying?

Josiah, look me in the face;
You know this town's condition,
Yet you have never cast a vote
Right out for Prohibition.

You've prayed as loud as any man
While with the tide a-floating;
Josiah, you must stop such work,
And do some better voting.

We women pray for better times,
And work right hard to make them;
You men vote whiskey with its crimes,
And we just have to take them.

How long, Josiah, must this be?
We work and pray 'gainst evil;
You pray all right, for what I see,
But vote plum for the devil.

—Exchange.

A Brave Man Speaks to the Point.

An addition was made some years ago to the jail in Paterson, N.J., at a cost of $30,000. When it was completed the county officers and contractor celebrated the event by a banquet in the building. There were liquors in great abundance. After a number of toasts had been drunk, the gentleman presiding, a judge, proposed 'the temperance cause.' It was probably done because they were getting pretty drunk. Mr. Bantram, a temperance man, was called on to respond to the toast, and did so in the following stinging speech, which some of them perhaps will never forget. He said:

'I thank you for this invitation, and I recognize its fitness. You have assembled to celebrate the enlargement of this jail, rendered necessary by the use of strong drink, in which you are so freely indulging this day. Downstairs the cells and corridors are crowded with criminals who have but changed places. A few years ago they were respected citizens, some of them occupying as responsible positions as those now occupied by yourselves, but they commenced as you have commenced, and they continued as many of you are continuing, and to-day they are reaping the harvest in a career of crime, and paying the penalty with a period of punishment.'

At this moment another bottle was opened, and Mr. Bantram said:

'I hear the popping of corks. I listen to the merry voices, and the praises you are singing to the infernal spirit of wine; but there comes to me the refrain, from the prisoner's cell, who is shedding penitential tears over his folly, and accompanied by the still sadder wail of anguish uttered by the broken-hearted wife, worse than widowed through the traffic of strong drink, which, as a judge in your courts said, "is the great promoter of crime," a traffic licensed by your votes, and sustained by the patronage you are this day giving it. It is with inexpressible sadness that I discover that there can be found in this county so many men with hearts so hardened, feelings so calloused, sensibilities so blunted, that in a place like this, under circumstances like these, they dare raise to their lips that which depraves the citizen, and endangers the State. Thanking you, gentlemen, for this unexpected privilege, I take my seat, fully conscious that you will never call on me again under similar circumstances.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

What It Costs.

(N. E. A., in the 'Chicago Journal.')

Taking the lowest possible view of it whiskey does not pay.

The story is told of a successful business man with a salary of $7,500 who believed that good fellowship no less than the necessity of business required that he should drink with his customers. But the end of each year he discovered that he was saving no money. After paying his living expenses there was nothing left.

Then he decided to keep an accurate expense account.

Without changing his bibulous habits he put down the price of every drink. At the end of thirty days he was amazed to find that he had spent $300 for liquors. The little memorandum book showed precisely what he had spent over the bar, 'treating the house,' wine suppers, cabs when he was unable to walk, cash spent in treating.

He gave up whiskey drinking altogether.

The motive in his case was not the highest in the world, but it was effective.

Mr. Workingman:

If you drink, have you ever counted the actual cost in dollars and cents? Saloon keepers say their largest support comes from men who labor. Is that true? It is stated on good authority that from one-third to one-half the wages of working-men in this country go over the bar. Is that true? If so, how much are you contributing?

If one-third to one-half of your wages go to the saloon proprietor you are spending proportionately as much as the man who spent $300 a month. Can you afford that?

Keep an expense account for a month.

Figure up how much you are taking from your wife and children to give to the wife and children of the saloon man.

The amount will probably surprise you.

All Bad.

I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming feature in all its history to commend it to good men. It desecrates the Sabbath; it profanes the name of religion; it defies public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a stain upon honesty; a blur upon purity; a clog upon progress; a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime.

From such a hateful fountain head can there ever flow a clear stream? Can you name one good thing the saloon has ever done for humanity—one good thing—but one instance in which it has brought forth fruit unto righteousness—one influence, sweet and healthful, and pure, gracious and beautiful which will linger lovingly in the memory of men, when you have buried the rum power, to make them say, 'God bless the saloon for the good it did?'

Look through the history of the hateful thing and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and with the stains of crime, and dark blots of disgrace.

Men, are you going to stand for this thing? Are you going to vote for it? Are you going to put men into office, in city or county, men who will be the tools of the saloon power? As you love the fair name of your city get together and make your lives and your united strength tell for all that is best and for all that is cleanest in good government.—Robert J. Burdette.

Another Cure.

Many and varied are the cures for drunkenness, but in spite of them all the evil goes on as extensively as ever. The latest theory is that the craving for drink can be destroyed by the adoption of a certain diet. According to an 'experienced physician,' whose name, however, we are not permitted to know, 'it is morally and physically impossible for any man to remain a drunkard who can be induced to forego the use of tobacco, tea, coffee, spicy condiments, common salt, flesh meats, and medicinal drugs. If his diet consists of grains, fruits, and vegetables, simply cooked, he cannot retain an appetite for strong drink. The desire dies out of him, and in its stead comes up a disgust. This disgust is as decidedly moral as it is physical. His better nature revolts at the thought of drinking, and the power in him to resist is strengthened thereby.' The cure seems simple enough. Those afflicted with the terrible craving might give it a trial. If it does no good, it is sure to do no harm.—'Temperance Leader.'

An Appropriate Name.

Near Harlem there is a brewery called the 'Hell Gate Brewery.' That is a proper name. It is conveniently situated, for it is opposite Blackwell's Island, the place where many of its customers go as prisoners after they have been skinned of their earthly possessions. And it is also near Potter's Field, where the paupers are buried.—New York 'Witness.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide,'
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,

Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

Name _____

Address _____

_____

'World Wide' has been recommended to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss

_____

_____

who knows 'World Wide' by reputation or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 5, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER:

Balfour Congratulates all the Nations on Averting War—The New York 'World.'
In Behalf of Peace—Secretary Hay Issues Call for Second Hague Conference—American Papers.
At the Front with Kuroki—The Fighting near Yen-tai—The 'Standard,' London.
Russia's Next Loan—The New York 'Times.'
The [illegible] A [illegible] Lant, in the 'American Monthly Review of Reviews.'
Does Mr. Balfour Repudiate Mr. Chamberlain?—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Notable Speech by Mr. Churchill—The Growth of Public Expenditure—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Presidential Elections in the United States—The 'American Monthly Review of Reviews.'
Hippo-Detroit—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Feast of All Souls in Mexico—The New York 'Tribune.'
The Scottish Church Crisis—Negotiations Broken Off—[illegible]
[illegible] United Free Church Colleges—Address by Principal [illegible], The 'Standard,' London.
[illegible]
The War in the Far East—Comments on the 'Japan Journal,' Dundee.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

'Modern Musical Drift'—Mr. Henderson's Views on 'Parsifal' and Richard Strauss—The New York 'Times' Saturday Review.'
Sir Edward Elgar—A Monograph—The 'Daily Telegraph' London

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY

Prayer Perfect Poem, by Jacob Wassermann, Essayist, in the 'Jugend Magazine.'
The House Beautiful—Poem, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
The Art of Thanks—The 'Spectator,' London.
Severe Criticism Deserved—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's New Story—The St. James's Gazette,' London.
Marie Corelli's New Book—The 'Onlooker,' London.
The American Tragedy—The Common Lot—Robert Herrick's Latest Story—The 'Outlook,' London
Ghost Stories Old and New—The 'Standard,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Tasks of the New Education—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Stars in November—The 'Times,' New York.

THINGS NEW AND OLD

LESSON IX.—NOV. 27.

World's Temperance Lesson.

Isaiah xxviii., 1-13.

Golden Text.

They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.—Isaiah xxviii., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 21.—Is. xxviii., 1-13.
Tuesday, Nov. 22.—Is. xxviii., 14-22.
Wednesday, Nov. 23.—Is. lvi., 1-12.
Thursday, Nov. 24.—Num. vi., 1-12.
Friday, Nov. 25.—Jer. xxxv., 1-11.
Saturday, Nov. 26.—Is. v., 11-25.
Sunday, Nov. 27.—Hab. ii., 5-17.

(By R. M. Kurt.)

INTRODUCTION.

This is the temperance lesson and we do not have to go out of the portion of history we have been studying to get the facts and statements we need to emphasize the principles of temperance.

As we saw last week, the Jews, both in the southern and northern kingdoms, had been very prosperous in temporal matters, and had been led into luxurious living, so that a moral decline had followed, and the people had drifted into drunkenness and debauchery.

At the time of the message in to-day's lesson, the northern kingdom, Israel, was in its closing days. A few years later and it had passed away from among the nations of the earth. Already the great prophet, Isaiah, sees it passing into the shadow of national death, and he also perceives its cause. Drunkenness is the cause.

A NATION'S FADING GLORY.

1. 'Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine!

2. 'Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail, and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand.

3. 'The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet:

4 'And the glorious beauty, which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer; which when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hand he eateth it up.'

Isaiah uttered his prophecies for the greater part in Jerusalem, but in this lesson he is calling upon Judah to observe the weakened condition of Israel, owing to their drunken and immoral condition as a nation. Judah's position, between Egypt and Assyria, the two great world powers, and Judah's departure from following the laws of God, were together full of danger to the national existence of Judah, and Isaiah is earnestly exhorting the people to take a lesson from the kingdom of Israel.

Ephraim, by whose name the kingdom of Israel was called, was the leading tribe of the ten that had revolted, and the 'crown' evidently refers to the capital, Samaria, which crowned a hill. Samaria's beauty was noted; it had palaces, gardens, vineyards, and olive yards, and there was much luxury in the lives of its people. 'Plain living and high thinking' have always been associated.

But the Lord had 'a mighty and a strong one,' Assyria, that should come down as a terrific storm and punish the rebellious people of the northern kingdom. Their glory should fade, and they should be devoured as one snatches and eats the 'first ripe fig' (Revised) that he may find early in the season.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

5. 'In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people.

6. 'And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate.'

In studying the prophets you will see that no matter how severe God's message is, he always sends with it a word of hope. His final plans are not to be broken by Israel's wickedness, they were his people and he loved them, even though their sins brought down punishment upon them.

There would come a day when Israel should look upon the Lord as their crown of glory, rather than to their own buildings and cities and wealth and splendor. Justice should he give to rulers and strength to the armies that contended with their enemies. As yet unfulfilled, that prophecy is to-day a source of hope to the scattered people, and to devout Christians as well.

A WORD TO JUDAH.

7. 'But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way: the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink: they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

8. 'For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there was no place clean.'

The Revised Version says, 'But these also have erred,' etc. The prophet had been directing attention to the northern kingdom, but now he turns to Judah and shows that they also are guilty of drunkenness.

Even the priest and the prophet in Judah, Isaiah boldly charges, are guilty with the rest, and their vision and judgment indicate their condition. Isaiah does not hesitate to speak also, in direct and homely phrase, of the filthy condition of the scenes of drunken revel.

THE PEOPLE'S RESENTMENT.

9. 'Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand a doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts.

10. 'For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little;'

These two verses are understood to be the reply of the drinkers in Jerusalem to the rebuke of Isaiah. They mock his continuous words, everywhere and on all occasions condemning their drunkenness. To whom is he talking, to children just weaned? For he gives them precept upon precept and line upon line.

ISAIAH REPLIES.

Revised Version. 11. 'Nay, but by men of strange lips and with another tongue will he speak to this people:

12. 'to whom he said, This is the rest, give ye rest to him that is weary; and this is the refreshing: yet they would not hear.

13. 'Therefore shall the word of the Lord be unto them precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little; that they may go and fall backward, and be broken, and snared, and taken.'

Isaiah answers the sneers of the drunkards by reminding them of the coming of Assyria's hordes that were already beginning to overrun Israel and soon destroyed it. God had showed them how they might have rest, might escape, yet they would not hear, and now destruction was at hand.

With the coming of the Assyrians they should learn in sorrow and precept upon precept the lesson they had refused before.

The warning, as personally applied, is to the one who is babbling in drink, who will not take heed, and learn from the end of those who have gone the way of the drunkard, but who sneer at the preacher and the temperance advocate, and belittle their counsel. On this point of moderate drinking the 'Herald and Presbyter' gives the experience of one nation thus:

'If moderate drinking led to more moderation, and that to total abstinence, it would not be dangerous. The trouble is that it leads to more drinking and intemperance. Fifty years ago in France, the people drank freely of light wines, using little strong drink. But the French people have learned a sad lesson. The wines created a thirst for intoxicants, and now strong drink has a firm hold of that people. Light wines are no longer satisfactory; distilled liquor and drunkenness are the common thing. The average consumption of alcohol is thirty-three pints a year to each inhabitant, twice as much as in any other country in Europe, except Switzerland; eight times as much as in Canada. It is a sad commentary on moderate drinking, but a very suggestive one.'

The lesson for December 4 is, Hezekiah Reopens the Temple.' II. Chron, xxix., 18-31.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 27.—Topic—How intemperance hinders missions. Rom. xiv., 13-21.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE PASSOVER.

Monday, Nov. 21.—Preparing the Passover feast. Ex. xii., 1-10.

Tuesday, Nov. 22.—Why they kept the feast. Ex. xii., 13-20.

Wednesday, Nov. 23.—The sprinkled blood. Ex. xii., 21, 22.

Thursday, Nov. 24.—'The Lord will pass over.' Ex. xii., 23.

Friday, Nov. 25.—Telling the children. Ex. xii., 26-28.

Saturday, Nov. 26.—Jesus at the Passover. John ii., 13-25.

Sunday, Nov. 27.—Topic—The Passover feast and what it meant. Ex. xii., 11-14; Matt. xxvi., 17-30.

Why I Attend Church on a Rainy Sabbath.

I attend church on rainy Sundays because—

1. God has blessed the Lord's Day and hallowed it, making no exceptions for hot or cold or stormy days.

2. I expect my minister to be there. I should be surprised if he were to stay at home on account of the weather.

3. If his hands fall through great weakness, I shall have great reason to blame myself unless I sustain him by my prayers and my presence.

4. By staying away I may lose the prayers which may bring God's blessing, and the sermon that would have done me great good.

5. My presence is more needful on Sundays when there are few than on those days when the church is crowded.

6. Whatever station I may hold in the church my example must influence others. If I stay away, why not they?

7. On any important business, rainy weather does not keep me at home, and church attendance is, in God's sight, very important.

8. Among the crowds of pleasure-seekers I see that no weather keeps the delicate female from the ball, the party or the concert.

9. Such weather will show me on what foundation my faith is built; it will prove how much I love Christ. True love rarely fails to meet an appointment.

10. Those who stay home from church because it is too cold or too rainy, frequently absent themselves fair Sundays. I must not take a step in that direction.

11. Though my excuses satisfy myself, they still must undergo God's scrutiny, and they must be well grounded to do that.

12. There is a special promise that where two or three meet together in God's name he will be in the midst of them.

13. An avoidable absence from the church is an infallible evidence of spiritual decay. Disciples first follow Christ at a distance, and then, like Peter, do not know him.

14. My faith is to be shown by my self-denying Christian life, and not by the rise or fall of the thermometer.

15. Such yielding to surmounting difficulties prepares for yielding to those merely imaginary, until thousands never enter a church, and yet think they have good reasons for such neglect.

16. I know not how many more Sundays God may give me, and it would be a poor preparation for my first Sunday in heaven to have slighted my last Sunday on earth. —Frances R. Havergal.

Correspondence

Macdonald, Man.

Dear Editor,—The nearest neighbors we have live a half-a-mile away. For pets I have a dog and a cat. My cat's name is Tabby, and the dog's name is Ringing. We have fifty chickens and thirty-five hens, seven pigs, three cows and one steer, amounting to eight head of cattle, and eight horses. I am going to see my sister, Mrs. M., who lives twenty miles from Macgregor. My school teacher's name is Miss G. We have only been here two years and a-half. I like it better than Portage la Prairie. Two of my brothers are married and have families, so I have lots of nieces, nephews and other relatives. My other brother works for farmers and men that own threshing machines. My other brother is working in the United States. I close my letter, hoping success to our club.

PEARL C.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I thought I would write for the first time. I am the second oldest in the family. I have two brothers and two sisters, and one little brother in heaven. I have a pet cat and I call her Topsy. I am nine years old, and my birthday is on August 4. I go to school every day. I like my teacher very much, as he is not cross. My teacher is going away this year. I wish he would not go. I live four miles from Fenelon Fall, and twelve miles from Lindsay. I live in the County of Victoria. I will now say good-bye for this time.

HATTIE M. P.

Economy.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We live on the seaboard, close to the harbor. We have a good view of the bay and of Blomidon. There have been a number of vessels loaded here this past summer. My papa used to sail vessels, but he left going to sea, and he works at the carpenter trade now. We have taken the 'Messenger' nearly a year now, and think it is a very good paper. I like the page for 'Little Folks' and the Correspondence. We have no farm, but we keep a cow. Her name is Jersey. I milk her everyday. I have three brothers and one sister, all younger than me. Papa was away shooting to-day, and he got two partridges and one rabbit. I will close now, and wish you good-bye. I will write again, and try to do better if I see this in print.

RUSSELL A. E.

Dear Editor,—I saw a number of letters in the 'Messenger,' which my cousins have written, and I thought I would write one too. I live on a farm about eight miles from a town called Listowel. A few years ago a cyclone swept through the country about two miles from our place, doing a considerable lot of harm. It destroyed many farm houses, and left everything that was in its way in a ruinous condition. I was at London Fair this year, and had a grand time. When we got to London we had our dinner and then took the street car down to the grounds. I saw many different kinds of enjoyment, such as merry-go-rounds, California swings and others.

M. D.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Windsor, Ontario, on Dougall avenue. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for about a year and could not do without it. I go to school every day all but Saturday and Sunday. I also go to Sunday-school. There are five sisters and one brother, and mother and father. We have two nice rabbits, also four chickens, two white ones and two black ones. I am nine years old, and my birthday is on May 10. We had a dog, but we lost him. We have a cat named Tom.

GLADYS N.

Birch Ridge.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading your paper very much. I have two sisters and one brother. Their ages are fifteen, thirteen and three years. I wonder if there is any other little girl's birthday the same day as mine, which is August 4. I was ten years old on my last birthday, so I must close, as it is getting late.

M. H. C.

St. Ives.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old, and I live on a farm of two hundred acres, situated on the river Thames, sixteen miles from London. I have three sisters, one older and two younger. I have two pets, a pup and a kitten. I go to school every day and I am in the third reader. Our teacher's name is Miss H., and we are all very fond of her, as she is a good teacher. About a month ago I was very ill, and was home from school a week and three days.

KATHLEEN R. S.

Smith's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the stories in the 'Messenger' very much. I board at a hotel in a little village. There is a store, a station a mill and a church. I am a little girl of eleven. My birthday is on April 21. I go to school. I am in the fourth grade. There are twenty-one scholars in the school. My grandfather owns a farm up in East Hatley. I like to read the letters of Sadie B. H.

EDITH P. R.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and go to school every day, which I like fine. I passed into the fourth book this summer, in the month of July. I go to the Baptist Church, which is about four miles from where I live. I live on a beautiful farm of one hundred and fifty acres. My home is situated on a hill, where we can see for miles all around. I have been on the train once, to the United States, about four years ago. So you see I do not remember much of my journey. I took eighteen music lessons from a lady teacher, so I can play a little on our organ. My father is the choir leader in the Baptist Church here. My father was at the World's Fair in St. Louis this year. He thought it fine. My brother went to the West, and he arrived home a short time ago. We take quite a number of papers of which some are 'Citizen,' 'Press,' 'Baptist,' 'Journal,' 'Advocate,' 'Workman' and 'Messenger,' which I like best of all. It comes every Friday evening to our home. My sister takes it. She also likes it very much; in fact, all of us do. I like the Little Folks' Page and the Correspondence best.

CATHERINE M.

Carholme.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' nearly five years, and like it very much. A little girl, whose letter I saw on the Correspondence Page, said that arithmetic was her favorite study. I do not care much for it. I think literature is my favorite. I can say nothing about the scenery around here, as it is but a plain country place. I have one brother, but no sisters. My brother is in British Columbia, and as I have no one to play with at home, I read a great deal.

BESSIE A.

Grand Forks, B.C.

Dear Editor,—My grandma has subscribed for the 'Messenger' for me for two years. I live in the mountains in British Columbia, ten miles from a town named Grand Forks. I have a little heifer called Eno, and two chickens. We have two cows and four calves, and one horse. I go to school; the school is a half a mile away. I have three sisters and five brothers. My mamma is in Ontario now, visiting her mother. My eldest sister is married, and she has two children, a boy and a girl. They live in Grand Forks. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the mountains about a mile above the house. There are lots of black raspberries on the mountains here in the summer.

IDA C.

Cataraqui, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write now. I live in Cataraqui, three miles from Kingston. My father is the doctor here. I am twelve years old, and was born in Souris, Man. I have two sisters and one brother. I passed the entrance examination this summer, and I walk in to Kingston to the Collegiate every day. The chief occupation of the people here is gardening. There is a lovely cemetery in Cataraqui. There are many visitors who come from Kingston and other places to visit it in the summer. A 'bus comes from Kingston to the cemetery three times a week. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for two years, and now I would like to have it sent in my brother's name (Warden). My mother says that no family should be without it, and I am sure we would not.

EDNA E.

Good to Think Over.

'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.'

'Drive thy business, and let it not drive thee.'

'There are no gains without pains.'

'One to-day is worth two to-morrows.'

'Never leave till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'

'Constant dropping wears away stones.'

'Little strokes fell great oaks.'

'Keep thy shop and let not thy shop keep thee.'

'The eye of the Master will do more than both his hands.'

'Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.'

Enjoying Girlhood.

She was a woman whose sympathy and enthusiasm drew girls to her wherever she went. It was from one of these girls that the letter had just come; she laid it on her desk with a little sigh.

'If only girls wouldn't keep pulling themselves up by the roots!' she exclaimed.

'You mean the morbid ones?' her companion asked.

'I mean often the most conscientious and sweetest ones,' was the quick response.

'But you're right—it is morbid. They all weigh and worry over every little trifle till they lose all sense of proportion and power of judgment. Here's one child who seems to think that it is positively wrong to enjoy "things," as she calls them, the nonsense and the gay times and pretty gifts that make so large a part of the happy girl life! She thinks that she ought to care for nothing but faith and hope and love! As if God didn't give a girl her happy things as much as he gives the trees sunshine! If only she'd take them and be glad, and let her gladness make her strong and joy-giving to others! She has no idea that she is selfish, but it's the most subtle form of selfishness—selfulness. If only she would let herself go, and think of God and other people instead, she would have no time to worry over her faults and failings.

God and other people! It is the secret of all the rich and radiant lives. To get from God gladness, strength, love, to pass it on to others—the soul busy with so royal a task has no time to waste in worry over itself. Will not God take care of his child?—'Forward.'

Boy's Set Up in Business.

Johnny had a lot of marbles in his pocket and Frankie had none. So Frankie asked Johnny to give him a 'set up,' which Johnny goodnaturedly did. In just the same way the firm of John Dougall & Son will give to any school boy or girl who asks at once a 'set up' of two dollars and forty cents' worth of 'World Wide,' which sell at three cents a copy in Montreal, and usually five cents a copy elsewhere. But in this case, whether our young merchants get three cents or five cents, they keep the entire proceeds for themselves, thus getting two dollars and forty cents in perhaps two hours.

The newsboys in Montreal buy copies of 'World Wide,' which sells at three cents a copy, and make a good deal of money in a short time every Saturday.

School boys and girls all over Canada and the United States could do the same thing. But to them we will GIVE TWO DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS' worth of our publications free of charge. They need only fill out the following blank and send it to us. We will immediately send them the latest issue.

It is our hope that we will in this way discover boys and girls all over the country who will act as our permanent agents, and to such we will send free of charge a rubber stamp with their name and address, also a bag and other agents' accessories.

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HOUSEHOLD.

A Little Help.

There's help in seeming cheerful
When a body's feeling blue.
In looking calm and pleasant,
If there's nothing else to do.
If other folks are wearing,
And thinks are all awry,
Don't vex yourself with caring:
'Twill be better by and by.

There's help in keeping tally
Of our host of happy days;
There's never one that dawneth,
But it bringeth cause to praise
The love that ever watcheth,
The Friend that's ever near.
So, though one tryst with sorrow.
One needs must dwell with cheer.

When troubles march to meet you,
Salute them at the door.
Extend both hands to greet them,
Their worst will soon be o'er.
Beat down their stormy bugles
With your rejoicing drums.
And, mailed in lofty courage,
Accept whatever comes.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Personal Work and Thought in Gifts.

(Mrs. Henry Wright.)

Last summer, while staying at a hotel, I saw several ladies who employed all spare time making collars and drawn work table covers which they told me they put away as they finished until when the gift season came, they did not need to hurry and scurry about thinking up this thing and that for various relatives. The idea seemed most sensible, but for those who have not been so provident there still remains plenty of time to accomplish a great deal.

The housemother will do well in her planning to see that she can utilize the quiet hours after the children are in bed, and for these it is best to have work not too trying on the eyes. I do not know of anything better than crochet work. Many pretty and useful articles may be made of the soft bright wools. Slippers are getting to be a back number, but there is scarcely a holiday when one will not think of some relative who would appreciate a pair. A crocheted sweater is handsome and easily made. One of the nicest gifts for a baby is a cap crocheted of white knitting silk, and with ribbons run through and tied in fluffy bows on top. Afghans are always acceptable, and for larger children Tam o' Shanters and hoods are easily and quickly made.

It is getting to be more and more customary to make gifts of magazines and newspapers, and I think the idea excellent. These are always appreciated, and serve as a sweet reminder of pleasant thoughts twelve times in the year, when a present one might buy for the same money might bring but momentary enjoyment. Books are never inappropriate, and a sense of individual thought may be conveyed if in selecting them, one bears in mind some fad or especial fancy of the recipient, nature books for nature lovers and technical ones for life's real workers. I know an aged minister who was delighted last Christmas, because his daughter, who lived away from home, thought to send him a newer and better concordance than the worn volume of Cruden's he had used for years. His wife, an enthusiastic mission worker, was equally happy over the prescribed books for the reading course for the coming year.

It is this bearing in mind of personal characteristics which makes the really graceful gift, even if it is shown in something of slight material value. Without it the custom of holiday giving degenerates into a mere matter of exchange or perfunctory observance, and loses all of its significance.—Exchange.

Selected Recipes.

Real Scotch Shortbread.—Of all the cakes for which Scotland is so well known, shortbread is the most famous, and the following recipe for making real Edinburgh shortbread was given me by an expert. Put six ounces of fine flour and two ounces of rice flour into a bowl with a small teaspoonful of salt. Beat eight ounces of butter into twelve ounces of castor sugar and rub it into the flour. Make a hole in the centre and beat in three eggs, dissolve a small piece of soda in a spoonful of boiling water and add to the egg. Make the whole into a smooth paste, and roll it out to about half an inch thick, cut, and place on a buttered baking pan. Bake in rather a slow oven for half an hour.

Graham Cookies.—Three cups of flour, three cups of oatmeal, one and one-half cup of sugar, one cup of butter, a pinch of salt, three teaspoons of baking powder. Mix with cold water, having the dough stiff enough to roll thin. Bake in quick oven.

Mashed Beets.—Boil and skin young and tender beets, mash together with new boiled potatoes, season with a generous amount of butter, salt and pepper to taste.

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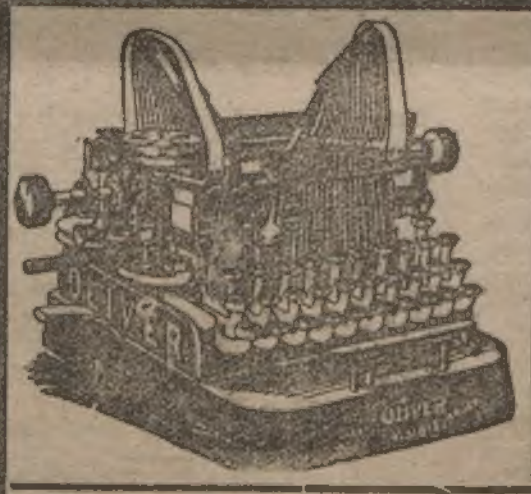

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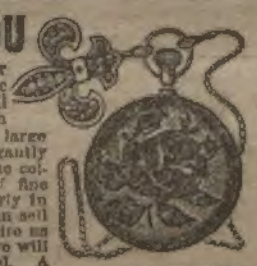

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THIS HANDSOME FUR SCARF
Lady's or Girl's Size
Will Be GIVEN FREE

To anyone who will sell only 20 pieces of our

SHEET MUSIC

Including the latest popular songs:—"I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," "Where the Shading Maples Grow," "Star of the East," "Old School Chums," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Narcissus," etc. The words and music are attractively printed on sheets of fine white paper (11 x 14 in.), with beautifully colored illustrated covers. It is regular 25c Sheet Music, and at our introductory price, only 10c, you will find it a wonderfully fast seller.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the 20 sheets postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any girl or lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the Winter without spending one cent. Write to-day and be the first in your neighborhood to sell our new music.

Address, The Royal Academy Publishing Co., Dept. 465, Toronto.

VALUABLE PRESENTS FREE
For Selling Our GOLD BRACELETS

We Trust You with 16 of our Beautiful Gold Finished Stone Set Bracelets worth 25c. to sell for us at only 15c. each. Each one is mounted with two very large Heart Shaped Gems, Opals, Rubies, Sapphires, etc., and they can be adjusted to fit any size wrist. nothing so handsome nor so cheap has ever been sold in this country. Every lady and girl will want one. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you this **Dainty and Reliable Watch with gold hands, fancy dial, stem wind and set, jewelled movement and Silver nickel case, beautifully enamelled with roses and leaves** in colors. Also, if you will write us to-day and will sell the Bracelets and return the money within a week after you receive them we will give you free, in addition to the Watch a handsome **14k gold finished Ring**, any size, set with a large magnificent flashing imitation Diamond. Don't miss this extra present but write at once. Address **THE JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 479, Toronto, Ont.**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 2 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 491 Toronto

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid 2 doz. pieces of our popular Sheet Music, including the latest sensational songs, 'I'm wearing my heart away for you,' 'Where the Shading Maples Grow,' 'Star of the East,' 'Old School Chimes,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Narcissus,' etc. The words and music are attractively printed on sheets of fine white paper (11 x 14 inches), with beautifully Colored Illustrated Covers. It is regular 25c sheet music. You sell it for only 10c. Return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the Music and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished ring set with a large, **magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the Sheet Music in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 434, Toronto.**

TWIN DOLLS FREE

Cinderella

This lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland,** are the new arrivals from far away dollland, and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-half feet tall.**

Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll,** with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome **brunette beauty doll,** with dark curly ringlets, bisque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turnovercollars,** handsomely made of fine quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each.** They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal Ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls,** Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, for disposing of **only sixteen** collars at **15c each.** The Home Art Co., Dept 433 Toronto.

Alice in Wonderland

The Latest Style

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turnover Collars at 15c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c. each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer, when the furriers were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 439 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** today and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each Locket.

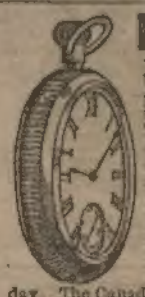
HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 462, Toronto.

Earn this Graphophone

GIVE CONCERTS TO YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

We Trust You with Our Gold Bracelets. Any boy, girl or lady can easily earn this grand Self-Playing Graphophone that Sings, Laughs, Talks, Plays and Whistles. All you have to do is to send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 2 dozen of our beautiful Gold Stone Set Bracelets, worth 25c. to sell at only 15c. each. They can be adjusted to fit any size wrist and each one is mounted with two very large heart-shaped gems. They are the handsomest, most fashionable and the cheapest Bracelets ever sold in this country. Every lady and girl will buy one. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this real **Self-Playing Graphophone.** It is a handsome instrument, strong, well made and suitable for any parlor. It has a full size aluminum reproducer, in every respect the same as those furnished on the highest priced machines and as a detached part sells for $5. The speed regulator, governor springs and bearings are exactly the same as on $50 machines. The Graphophone is full size but appears very small in the picture as we wished to show all the people listening to a concert given by a boy and girl. With every Graphophone we give free one Musical and one Song Record, your choice from thousands of selections including, Hiawatha, Bedella, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Just Because She Made Dem Goo-Goo Eyes, Evening Chimes in the Mountains with Bells, The Mocking Bird, Farmyard Medley (with farmyard fowl and animal imitations), Old Black Joe, The Holy City, Nearer My God To Thee, The Vacant Chair, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real Self-Playing Graphophone. We know you will be delighted with it. You can entertain your family and friends and make lots of money giving concerts. Write for our Bracelets to-day sure and be the first in your neighborhood. **THE JEWELRY COMPANY, DEPARTMENT 469, TORONTO, ONT.**

BOY'S WATCH FREE



We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only 1½ dozen of our new one-piece King Collar Buttons at 10c. each. A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one. The watch has a beautiful solid silver nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last ten years. The Collar Buttons are the best made, heavily gold plated and burnished so that they wear like solid gold. They sell so fast that the factory are now making one million every day. Write for the Collar Buttons to-day. The Canadian Premium Syndicate Dept. 455, Toronto.

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